Ed. Lo heere a period of tumultuous broiles,
Away with *Oxford*, to *Hames* Caſtle ſtraight,
For *Summerſet*, off with his guiltie head:
Away, I will not heare them ſpeake.
Ox. For my part Ile not trouble thee with wordes.
Exit Oxford.
Som. Nor I, but ſtoope with patience to my death.
Exit Sommerſet.
Ed Now *Eaward*, what ſatisfaction canſt thou make,
For ſtirring vy my ſubiects to rebellion?
Prince. Speake like a ſubiect, proud ambitious *Yorke*,
Suppoſe that I am now my fathers mouth,
Reſigne thy chaire: and where I ſtand, kneele thou,
Whileſt I propoſe the ſelfe ſame woords to thee,
Which traiuour thou wouldſt haue me anſware to.
Quee. Oh that thy father had bin ſo reſolu'd.
Glo. That you might ſtill haue kept your petticoate,
And nere haue ſtolne the breech from *Lancaſter*.
Prince. Let *Æſop* fable in a winters night,
His curriſh Riddles ſorte not with this place.
Glo. By heauen, brat Ile plague you for that word.
Quee. I, thou waſt borne to be a plague to men.
Glo. For Gods ſake take away this captiue ſcold.
Prince. Nay take away this ſcolding Crooktbacke rather.
Ed. Peace wilfull boy, or I will tame your tongue.
Cla. Vntutered Lad, thou art to malapert.
Prince. I know my dutie, you are all vndutifull,
Laſciuious *Edward*, and thou periur'd *George*,
And thou miſhapen *Dick*, I tell you all,
I am your better, traitours as you be.
Ed. Take that, the lightnes of this rayler heere.
Quee. Oh kill me too.
Glo. Marrie and ſhall. (die.
Ed Hold *Richard*, hold, for we haue done to much alrea
Glo. Why ſhould ſhe liue to fill the worlde with words.
Ed. What doth ſhe ſwound? make meanes for her recoue-
Glo. *Clarence*, excuſe me to the King my brother, (rie.
I muſt to London, on a ſerious matter,
Ere

Ere you come there, you ſhall heare more newes.
Cla. About what, prethee tell me?
Glo. The Tower man, the Tower, Ile roote them out.
Exit Gloſter.

Queene. Ah *Ned*, ſpeake to thy Mother boy,
Ah thou canſt not ſpeake,
Traitours, Tyrants, blouddie Homicides:
They that ſtabd *Cæſar* ſhed no bloud at all,
For he was a man, this in reſpect a childe;
And men nere ſpend their furie on a childe;
Whats worſe then tirant, that I may name?
You haue no children Deuells, if you had,
The thought of them, would then haue ſtopt your rage:
But if you euer hope to haue a ſonne,
Looke in his youth to haue him ſo cut off,
As traitours you haue done this ſweet young Prince.
Ed. Away, and beare her hence,
Quee. Nay, nere beare me hence, diſpatch me here,
Heere ſheath thy ſword, Ile pardon thee my death.
Wilt thou not?
Then *Clarence*, do thou do it,
Cla. By heauen I would not do thee ſo much eaſe.
Quee. Good *Clarence* do, ſweet *Clarence* kill me too.
Cla. Didſt not thou heare me ſweare I would not do it?
Quee. I, but thou vſeſt to forſweare thy ſelfe,
Twas ſinne before, but now tis charitie.
Wheres the Diuells butcher? hard fauourd *Rechard*,
Richard where art thou?
He is not heere, Murder is his almes deed,
Petitioners for bloud, he nere put backe.
Ed. Away I ſaie, and take her hence per force.
Quee. So come to you and yours, as to this prince.
Exit.

Edw. *Clarence*, whithers *Gloſter* gone?
Cla. Marrie my Lord to London, as I geſſe,
To make a bloudie ſupper in the Tower.
Ed. He is ſuddaine, if a thing come in his head.
Well, diſcharge the common Souldiers with pay,